

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR.

VOL. XI...NO. 31.

Published Weekly,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

AT 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK,

Terms:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to S. H. GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or S. H. GAY, New York.

NORRIS, BROTHERS, PRINTERS.

The Southern Press, South.

From the Richmond (Va.) Daily Dispatch.

In striking contrast with this new moral code of abolition is a sermon which we have lately read with great pleasure in the *Richmond Enquirer*, delivered in Trinity Church, New York, by Rev. M. P. Parks. The text was, "Whose is this *age and superstition?*" The sermon urged obedience to the laws by the most conclusive appeals. The example of our Saviour in enjoining his followers to render tribute unto Caesar, was most happily set forth, and powerfully enforced. In such instructions we recognize the Gospel of the Saviour of Mankind—the great volume of Law and Love. In those of Parker, we see the results of that self-conceit which sets itself up as wiser than inspiration, and, starting under the banner of Conscience, end by advocating any crime at which a Christian Conscience revolts.

"The speaker then pitched into Moses Stuart, of Andover, and said that he was more in favor of the old Moses of the Bible. He also said that he intended to oppose the fugitive slave bill. If people would make him notorious because he was a foreigner, he could not help it. It only helped the cause along by doing it. It gave him large audiences."

"Mr. Thompson then proceeded to say that he thought the cause was doing well in Massachusetts. He also said that he should never go hence by persecution."

"Mr. Thompson afterwards referred to the public press of Boston. He deliberately declared that the newspaper statements of the Faneuil Hall meeting were, in nine cases out of ten, false. This showed that there was depravity somewhere. It was not the fault of newspaper proprietors, editors, or reporters: it was the fault of the people who supported the press."

"Mr. Thompson was particularly desirous that this press should be reformed or starved into virtue. He said that he had been put down by one hundred and fifty boys. And should he say that he had been put down by the people? No! The speaker challenged any man in the United States to 'compare notes' with him on the subject of Slavery and the constitution."

"Mr. Thompson closed with a sarcastic essay against the church. He should always think of Worcester when far away. Again he thanked them for his kind reception."

We were told when Thompson first arrived that he was a mere looker-on, and did not intend to take part in the political affairs of the country; but now he avows his determination to oppose the fugitive slave law, and to enlist in a general campaign with his abolition brethren. Who ever heard of such impudence in a foreign renegade? He is endeavoring to assist in kindling the flames of civil war, and to break up and destroy the Union. This fugitive slave bill question involves all these momentous considerations. Are the people of Massachusetts willing to be insulted further by this impudent intermeddler, who has been brought over, as he confesses, to get large audiences because he is a foreigner?

These speeches, and other appliances used by the abolition party, have excited the nation to a degree of intensity bordering upon frenzy; and it is at this precise moment, when the whole country is in a state of insurrection, that the member from the Town-Haunts has chosen to enter upon his mission.

There is a degree of cold-blooded insolence about this man, that an American cannot think of without exasperation; and if the people of Massachusetts would one spark of the Revolutionary spirit, they would deal with him in the most summary manner.

The *Express* very justly says, that if an American emissary were to land in Ireland for the purpose of stirring up one part of the population against the other, and were to make any attempt to carry out his nefarious project, he would assuredly be hanged for his pains. But the other day, Mr. Whitney, a lecturer on education, well known in this country, attempting at Dublin, to give an audience some idea of the eloquence of Patrick Henry, and reciting his speech delivered in favor of war with England, was peremptorily ordered to leave the Island. And yet this alien enemy, with the wages of his infamous act in his pocket, is allowed to proceed through the State of Massachusetts without any check, save what is found in the discreditation of a Boston audience to hear him speak. He suffers no personal inconvenience whatever—he goes at large, and when he cannot find listeners, he publishes his incendiary harangues, and sends them through the land on the wings of the press! We ask, is there no method of dealing, in a summary way, with such a scat? Are there no statutes against incendiaries, to meet his case? Can it be possible that the laws of the United States cannot reach alien enemies plotting in the midst of us, to destroy the Union, and receiving the wages of their iniquity in foreign gold? Is the Government so inefficient that it must allow agitators in another country to form what schemes they may for our destruction, and come here to execute them, without being able to prescribe any method of redress?

In the following extract, the Reverend Theodore Parker preaches *Murder*:

"One thing more I think is very plain, that the fugitive has the same natural right to defend himself against the slave catcher, or his constitutional tool, that he has against a murderer or a wolf."

The man who attacks me to reduce me to Slavery, in that moment of attack alienates his right to life, and if I were the fugitive, and could escape in no other way, I would kill him with as little compunction as I would drive a morsel from my face. It is high time that we stand. What Grasshoppers we are before the law of men; what Grasshoppers against the law of God! What capitalist needs your law of usury when he can get illegal interest? How many banks are content with six per cent, when money is scarce? Did you never hear of a merchant evading the duties of the Custom house? When a man's liberty is concerned—we must keep the law, must we? betray the wanderer, and expose the outcast?"

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NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

hate on, Mr. *Sentinel*, and show your faith by your works. Now, we of course cannot know the fact, but should not be at all surprised to learn that the editor penned his hated article on Northern paper, with a Northern pen, and Northern ink. The editor's ink-stand, blotting-paper, pen-knife, scissors and sand, are also from the North, and probably the desk on which they are used, as well as the easy chair on which he sits and gets so angry as to use hard words—and some think, say very foolish things—are all from the North. The type and press, and more than likely, the paper on which his paper is printed, are also from the hated North. We might extend the list until finally we should find that the editor of the *Sentinel* was dressed, from the sole of his boots to the crown of his hat, and from his comfortable woolen wrapper to his heavy overcoat, in goods of Northern manufacture. His toilet, no doubt is also made before a Northern mirror, his hair straightened with a Northern comb, and after being dressed with Northern perfumes, is smoothed with a Northern brush. After doing this, he is called to breakfast by a Northern bell, eats with a Northern knife, fork and spoon—helps himself to Northern butter and spreads it on bread made of Northern flour, and wipes his mouth with a Northern napkin. He wears a gold watch made at the North—takes his snuff out of a Northern snuff-box, lights his cigar with a Northern made match, and if he was about to shoot a Yankee, would do it with a Northern pistol and Northern powder.

We have drawn an imaginary picture; but, assuming the habits and dress of the editor of the *Sentinel* to be those of other Southern gentlemen, we are pretty confident that it is life-like. It is much easier to preach than to practice—vastly easier to pull down than to build up. The *Sentinel* hates the North—but we suppose patronizes Northern productions—hates Hell, but dresses in the very livery of Satan.

From the Charlotteville (Va.) Advocate.

WELL DONE BOSTON!

We are much gratified to see that however tainted with Abolition the people of Boston may be, they are determined not to allow foreigners to interfere with our internal affairs. Mr. George Thompson, an English Abolitionist, who was compelled to leave this country rather abruptly about fifteen years since, lately arrived in Boston for the express purpose of stirring up an excitement about the Fugitive Slave Law, and agitating its repeal. A meeting of his conferees was held at Faneuil Hall on Friday last, but the proceedings were brought to an untimely end by hisses, groans, and reiterated cheers for Daniel Webster and the Union. Thompson attempted to speak, but was compelled to desist on account of the utter impossibility of making himself heard. Well done Boston! Let those fanatics who are American citizens rave and rant to their heart's content—give Fred. Douglass and his white brethren free scope—let them enjoy full and unrestricted liberty of speech—but teach foreigners that we will allow no interference from them. Show them that although we have here no Prefect of Police, and none of those means by which tyrants rid themselves of persons who are distasteful, we have a public opinion far mightier.

We should think this demonstration would convince Mr. Thompson that he has mistaken his mission, and cause him to take himself to some more promising field of labor. If he should not, however, we hope he will be met every time he attempts to speak, by a repetition of his reception at Faneuil Hall. Men of the Ryders stamp, though generally great nuisances to the community, are sometimes very useful in ridding us of nuisances of greater magnitude.

In connection with this subject, and as a cheering sign of the state of public opinion in Boston, we are very much gratified to learn that a call for a great Union demonstration, irrespective of party, has been signed by large numbers of citizens, deservedly influential in both of the great political parties. The chief object of the meeting, as set forth by the Boston papers, is, to elicit an unequivocal expression of the sentiment of the community on the duty of obedience to all the provisions of the Constitution, and of sustaining the authorities in the execution of the laws necessary for carrying them into effect. In view of the recent proceedings in Boston, in which it is not beyond the truth to say, that the mob overruled the legal authorities and prevented the execution of the law, this demonstration is particularly appropriate. We hope that a firm determination will be formed by the assembled thousands to carry out the Fugitive Slave Law to the very letter. An assurance of this kind, coming from such a source, will do much to quiet the country, and put a stop to agitation at the South. The continuance of the Fugitive Slave Law, and its prompt and faithful execution, will bind the South to the Union with hooks of steel; but repeat it, or nullify it, and the day will have come for a dissolution of the ties that bind us together as one people. This is the united voice of the South—the let the North heed it in time.

From the St. Louis Intelligencer.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

MR. GEORGE THOMPSON, the notorious English Abolitionist, has again visited our land. Before leaving England, a *soror* or monthly tea-meeting was held in honor of him. The attendance consisted of persons of both sexes and was addressed by Mr. Brown, the fugitive slave, whose wife advertised him in the New York papers, as having left her to starve, while he loafed about the country and spent his substance on other women. Mr. Thompson also spoke. He alluded to the reasons which induced him to give up the study of law and come to America. He said:

"He had all made up his mind to do so, [study law,] when a glorious being visited this country from America—and if no other man lived in that country, he would speak well of America for his sake—he alluded to William Lloyd Garrison. (Cheers.) He came to this country to expose the artifices of those who were deluding this country by the colonization of Liberia. They became what they have ever since continued, the closest friends. At his suggestion he had farewell to a leg in the British bar, in order to serve the cause of down-trodden humanity." (Cheers.) The Americans knew that he took no gold or silver from them. He enjoyed their hospitality, they took him to their homes and their hearts; and he would brave all the persecutions he had endured there over again for the cause of living with the noblest specimens of humanity.—(Hear, hear.) He had no fear of America. The valley of the Mississippi was not going to be the grave of freedom. The land of Franklin, and Adams, and Hancock, and Warren, and last, not least, Garrison, would shake off the accursed thing, and leave not a wreck behind." (Loud cheers.) He did not run away, nor did he leave the country till the assassin's bowie-knife glittered before his eyes....He was now about to revisit America, as he was anxious to see again the noble people who had supported him on his last visit."

This Lloyd Garrison, whom Thompson calls a glorious being, is, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the same person, the hallucinations of whose diseased mind, has induced him frequently to pronounce the Christian religion a cheat, and its ministers an execrable on the body politic, the American revolution a failure, General Washington a humbug, and the Constitution of the United States a compact with the devil! Thompson and Garrison may be half fellows well met. They would both, doubtless, think they were doing humanity a service, if they could free the negroes of the slave States at the expense of the lives of all the white residents therein. We suppose Thompson will be greeted and feasted by the "higher law" fanatics, as an able and enthusiastic opponent of the Constitution of their country.

From the Richmond Whig.

GEORGE THOMPSON, THE ABOLITIONIST.—Our readers are aware of the reception which this insolent miscreant met at Faneuil Hall in Boston. We rejoice that the people of that city have manifested so noble a spirit, and that the agents of a foreign Government, though dignified by a seal, and a robe, should receive such a rebuke for his impudent intermeddling in our concerns. The New York *Courier and Enquirer*, in an able article on Monday, lifts the curtain, and exposes the real designs of Eng and in her encouragement of this infamous agent. The same article contains also some precious revelations in regard to the *New York Herald*. We shall offer some comments in our next paper or at an early day. In the meantime Thompson, it appears, is disposed to beat a retreat, having found his reception rather warmer than he expected.

From the Charleston Daily Sun.

GEORGE THOMPSON, THE ABOLITIONIST.—The Northern papers are filled with remarks on the reception of this individual at Boston, with the hypocrisy imaginable, they denounce him in unmeasured terms as an intruder. They call themselves Free Soilers, and to him they give the appellation of Abolitionist. The

difference is about the same, as that between gangrene and mortification.

REV. THEODORE PARKER.—The Portland *Evening News* says that the Rev. THEODORE PARKER of Boston, after uniting in marriage the fugitive slave, *William Craft*, and the colored woman with whom he lived as his wife, drew forth a dagger and presented it to *Craft*, admonishing him to "stain it with the blood of thousands," rather than suffer himself or wife to be captured. This PARKER is memorable for the establishment some time since of a new religion, in which the precepts and doctrines of Christianity were treated rather cavalierly. We suppose this matter of wholesale murder, recommended to his disciples, is a legitimate part of his creed.—*Id.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise

NEW YORK: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1850

We alluded some time since to the reputation which the United States is rapidly earning on the Continent in Europe, where, hitherto, her character has been taken mainly upon trust, and at her own valuation. Even the men of progress, who were supposed to have made the institutions, and manners and customs of other countries, and especially those presumed to be in the advance in the march of civilization, their peculiar study, have taken for granted that the principal government of the New World was what it professed to be, a democracy. In her case, the old adage, of "give a dog a bad name," proved true with a difference; and because she went through, seventy years ago, a war for political independence, and proposed to establish a republic as its result, it has been presumed that social and political equality really prevailed among the people. As the hope of republicanism, however, has seemed more likely, within the last year or two, to be realized in Europe itself, so the eyes of all classes have been turned more intently towards this country, to learn from its example something of the practical working of democratic institutions, and to find in our condition arguments either for or against their establishment among themselves. The result, of course, can by no means be flattering to the national vanity. The United States is approaching the bad eminence of being held up as a warning rather than as an example to the struggling people of the Old World. Republicanism, says one party, is a mere mockery, and men cheated with its form are only the more ready to yield the substance of freedom; in the United States, a tyranny, in some respects, more odious than any despotic in Europe dare establish, is submitted to without a murmur, or even defended as necessary and desirable. Republicanism, says the other, is no less beautiful and true, no less that condition toward which the world is hastening, and for which all men devoted to the welfare of their kind should labor, because the experiment in the United States has been a failure. The Fathers and founders of that government meant it should be a Republic, but they made a fatal mistake, in the beginning, and now their degenerate sons owe it only to a fortunate geographical position that the worst and most odious institutions, against which we are struggling, have not been transplanted and found new and strong root among them. Behold the worst form of Slavery—the result of your boasted republicanism! shrieks one; out upon the basest republicanism that suffers and nurtures the Slavery of fellow citizens! shouts the other. In one thing, at least, both radical and conservative are agreed—that the Haynays of the race may here find the readiest sympathy and the best defense.

The French people, in particular, are very busy with agitation. They are presuming to discuss with the utmost freedom our peculiar institutions. We find, for example, in a late No. of *La Semaine de Paris* a second most searching and keen article on some of the slave laws of this country, and in the Assembly, at a still later date, the regulations of our Southern cities in relation to Colored Seamen have been under discussion. Of this last, we copy the following report which we find in the *Tribune*. The debate ensued on the 28th ult.:

M. Schoelcher rose to address interpolations to the Minister of Marine, relative to the following circular, issued by the latter in May, 1850:

"The circular of the 8th of October, 1849," says the Minister, "has already confirmed the recommendations contained in those of the 29th of August, 1830, the 7th of December, 1837, the 16th of August, 1842, and the 6th of January, 1846, relative to the absolute prohibition to import into the States of America any Negro and pure color, whether free or slaves."

According to that report, my colleagues and I desire to press ourself: "Perhaps you will think proper, in order to obviate the recurrence of inconveniences of the same kind as those which took place in the case of Captains, that it may be necessary to make it the object, not only of a new warning in the French harbors, but also of fresh instructions to the Governors of our West India colonies, to the effect of informing our Captains that the presence on board, in any capacity whatsoever, of people of color, subjects them to the penalty of imprisonment, and confiscation of the vessel in which they may have been brought to the United States, without the possibility of an appeal to the Federal Government." That is the main point of the circular of April last, in the House of Commons of England, a protest against the importation of slaves into the United Kingdom, and the day will have come for a dissolution of the ties that bind us together as one people. This is the united voice of the South—the let the North heed it in time.

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Therefore, be it Resolved, That the aforesaid ministers have volunteered an act of supererogation for the guidance and direction of the people which is as unacceptable to them as it is derogatory to the character of those who offered it; that when the ministers of Gospel lay aside the *sacredness* of their calling and enter the arena of politics, they forfeit the respect which the world and their peers accord to their professional and level themselves to the intrigues of the demagogues; and that while we recognize in falsetext the undisputed right of individual opinion in all matters both ecclesiastical and civil, yet we feel ourselves called upon to condemn in the strongest terms any and every interference by the ministry of the Gospel in all matters which are purely political, believing that every such interference will prove to be prejudicial to the interests of the Church, as we know them to be at variance with the teachings of *Him* who commands us to "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's."

And whereas, while we deprecate all agitation upon the Slavery question in the present excited state of the public mind, yet in view of the authority which the resolutions proceeding from the aforesaid meeting may command, both at home and abroad, we cannot suffer them to pass unnoticed:

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Therefore, be it Resolved, That the said Dr. Peck is entitled to the thanks of this meeting, and of every friend to the country, for the judicious exercise of that prudence which, like the *charity we profess*, "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things;" and that as individuals we feel ourselves bound to sustain him in his position, satisfied with the integrity of his purpose and the purity of his intentions, believing that when the misfits of human nature, and the fierce and headstrong of discord are quenched, he will rise to the applause of those who are now the most resolute in his cause.

W. H. BUTLER, Secretary.
EDWARD DRIGGS, Chairman.

Action has also been taken in New Haven, which as the most orthodox, and therefore most pious—after the American manner—city of the Union was bound to make herself heard:

Whereas, the members and laity of the 1st Methodist Episcopal church of the city of New Haven in convention assembled, have seen with much regret and sorrow the proceedings and resolutions of certain preachers of the Methodist Episcopal church at a "Preacher's Meeting" held Saturday, November 9th, in the city of New York, and fearing that the opinions expressed by that body may be considered as the opinions of the laity, we would hereby solemnly protest against such proceedings and resolutions, and disown all sympathy with them:

And whereas we have seen from time to time many indications of power and dictation on the part of some of our preachers, and conceiving them inclined to depart from their legitimate province of duty as religious teachers, and assume a spirit of usurpation and control not agreeable to our opinion, or warranted by the constitution of our church; and whereas also we are willing to concede to them all legitimate authority in the direction of our moral and spiritual concerns, and are disposed in every reasonable and laudable manner to second any effort on their part to this end, yet we are willing to assert our right and disposition on their part to dictate opinions in the political relations, and decidedly object to any movements by them in a collective capacity, or otherwise, in giving currency to opinions and sentiments that may be understood to be the views of the laity—it is therefore,

Resolved, 1st. That in the sense of this meeting, the preachers at the "Preacher's Meeting" held in New York city, Saturday, November 9th last past, have assumed a prerogative not understood, or conceded, by the laymen of this church, and which is unwarranted by their position as ministers, and decidedly to be condemned.

Resolved, 2d. That we believe, the resolutions adopted by that meeting upon the "fugitive slave law" are unwise in principle, injudicious and unwise casting a slur upon the逃亡奴隶, and the colored population of the West Indies. All of that class of the colored people who are either compelled or prefer to emigrate to the West Indies, and melanochroic division of our church, in which the laymen did not participate, with the attending controversy, together with many other evils under which we suffer, and which have palpably the moral power of the church, has been owing mainly to an unwise controversy upon the subject of slavery, and prosecuted by the unscrupulous and tending to disorganization.

Resolved, 3d. That in our belief, the recent unhappy and melancholy division of our church, in which the laymen did not participate, with the attending controversy, together with many other evils under which we suffer, and which have palpably the moral power of the church, has been owing mainly to an unwise controversy upon the subject of slavery, and prosecuted by the unscrupulous and tending to disorganization.

Resolved, 4th. That we believe, the recent unhappy and melancholy division of our church, in which the laymen did not participate, with the attending controversy, together with many other evils under which we suffer, and which have palpably the moral power of the church, has been owing mainly to an unwise controversy upon the subject of slavery, and prosecuted by the unscrupulous and tending to disorganization.

Resolved, 5th. That the foregoing Preamble and Resolutions be signed by the Chairman and Secretaries of this meeting, and published in the New York Christian Advocate and Journal.

ELIAS GILBERT,
Chairman.
STEPHEN GILBERT, *et al.*
New Haven, Dec. 9th, 1850.

CROSSING THE LINE.

If a "free and independent" Yankee should be subjected abroad to anything like the surveillance and cæsarean to which he submits at home, and compels others to submit, we should not look for anything less, if we might trust the true and careful echo of his public opinion, than the immediate chawing-up of the offending individual nation in particular, with a considerate stirring-up and knock-down throughout all creation beside. Let a committee of safety wait upon Jonathan at the Austrian line, and ask him his opinion of women-whipping—Hungarian women that is—with a polite notice to quit unless he records in a correspondence with the editor of the nearest newspaper his entire approval of that pastime, and the whole line of Gunard's steamers would be large enough to bring home,—after having hurled the keenest and most intense scorn and defiance at the foe—the insulted Yankee, so big would he grow with indignation and wrath. But let the same tyrant queller be whirled over an imaginary line somewhere between Philadelphia and Baltimore, called Mason & Dixon's, and on his stepping from the ears at the first Southern stopping-place be subjected to all manner of cross questioning as to his private business, the object of his journey, his past life, his future intentions, and his private opinions on various matters, and our obstreperous individual is as quiet and obedient as a whipped spaniel, and submits without a murmur to the ordeal which it is thought necessary in the "Sunny South" to subject all who were not so favored by nature as to have their birth-place in that region.

The wonder is, therefore, not that anybody in particular, however great or however worthy, should be compelled to undergo this sort of trial on crossing the Line, but that anybody should escape. It is not strange then that even so distinguished a visiter as Jenny Lind should share the common lot. Bei g a Northern woman and a European by birth, and withal of a very benevolent disposition she is necessarily supposed to be guilty of hating Slavery till proved to be innocent, whereupon the usual formality of accusation, public or private is resolved to, and the following paragraph and correspondence in the *Washington Union*, is the result:

A MISREPRESENTATION ABOUT JENNY LIND.
The following correspondence will speak for itself. We had heard such a report whispered through this city, and we were determined to set that lady right with the "sunny South," which she was about to visit. Having heard yesterday that a similar rumor had extended to Charleston, we think it right to publish the following correspondence for the purpose of arresting a calumny which is well calculated to injure one to whom our countrymen must be regarded as a favorable omen, and may excite the hope that the feelings of bitterness and dissension which pervade the confederacy may yet pass away.

There are, indeed, portentous manifestations of deep discontent at the South; and these have been heightened and inflamed by the course recently pursued in Vermont. The legislature of that State has virtually by statute annulled the law of Congress for the recapture of fugitive slaves which alone induced the Southern States to accept the late compromise measure. Vermont has thus inflicted upon the whole South an open injury and an insult. To neither can we afford to let stand.

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ANOTHER SLAVE-HUNT IN NEW YORK.
The pack seems to be let loose again, and to be tracking their prey all over the country. The news of the arrest of an alleged fugitive in Philadelphia was not a day old when we learned on Monday afternoon that a colored man was at that moment undergoing an examination at the Commissioner's office on a charge of being a slave. Fortunately the proceedings had not been conducted with that discretion and secrecy which governs the officers in Hamlet's case, so that whatever the will was there was not an opportunity to hurry the poor man off without the chance of a defence. The facts of the case are briefly these:

A warrant was taken out on Monday by one Wm. H. Parker, of Richmond, Va., who claims to hold a Power of Attorney from John T. Smith, of Russell Co., Va., to arrest Henry Long, charged with being a fugitive slave, and claimed by said Smith as his property.

Parker was served by Deputy Marshal Walsh, accompanied by three officers and Parker. The latter pointed out the alleged fugitive, who was called from his duties at the dinner table, arrested, and hurried off in his waiter

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

days more probably will reveal something more of the truth in regard to this outrage.

Since the above was in type we learn that Gibson was arrested on a charge of stealing chickens, which probably was a mere pretext to get possession of his body, that he might be tried for the higher crime of stealing himself. The incidents of the trial are thus further stated:

After several ineffectual motions to postpone the case, made by David Paul Brown and Messrs. Pierce and Harbest, the entire of the claim was gone into, and the identity of the negro was proved by one witness who saw him on the farm of William Stark, in 1841. He was claimed as Emory Rice, who ran away in 1841, and is now said to be 35 years old.

The prisoner's counsel contended that his true name is Adam Gibson, formerly owned by Parson Henry Davis, but liberated by the will of his owner, in 1840, on condition of emigrating to Liberia. This statement was attempted to be proved by a certified copy of the will.

The case was argued by William E. Lebman, for the claimant, and Messrs. Pierce and Brown for the defense.

Mr. Brown's speech was a masterpiece of fervid eloquence,ounding with invectives against the parties engaged in this pursuit of their property.

At the close of the argument, the Commissioner declared that all the formalities required by the law had been fulfilled, and being satisfied of the fugitive's identity, he ordered him to be remanded, for the purpose of being placed in the possession of his owner.

A large crowd of colored people congregated in front of Independence Hall, when the case was heard, and they still continued there at a late hour but the fugitive had been removed by the back way and will go south by the mail train.

STILL LATER.

A Telegraphic Dispatch to the Tuesday morning papers stated that "Wm. S. Knight, the owner of the supposed runaway, Emory Rice, has refused to have young Adam Gibson, the negro carried off in place of Rice on Saturday. Samuel L. Halzel, United States Deputy Marshal, being with Adam, the kidnappers would not take him further South, and Mr. Halzel is expected with him to night."

SOUTH CAROLINA has postponed the consideration of the question of Disunion for a year, so Mr. Fillmore's fears, if he had any, of having a civil war on his hands immediately are quite groundless. We do not see, though, for our part, why a civil war should impend in any event. If South Carolina, or any other State, sees fit to decline sending representatives to Washington, and chooses to retire, by that act from the Federal Union, what constitutional obligation is there, on the part of the Executive, to compel such State to maintain and observe her Federal relations? Resistance by force of arms to the General Government is treason by the Constitution, but why may not South Carolina peaceably release herself from the bonds of Union, by simply declining any further participation in the Government at Washington, and establish her own independence by organizing a State government sufficient for her own exigencies? The supremacy of the revenue laws will be the main obstacle in the settlement of these questions in accordance with the wishes of the Disunionists, and in that settlement is involved the old dispute of State rights, which ought to find many champions among the Northern democracy.

South Carolina, however, is evidently in no hurry to push the issue. The Bill recently introduced into her Legislature for calling a Convention in December next, and which passed the Senate by a large majority, was lost in the House. But its defeat in that body is attributed to the wish of many of its members for more decisive action, and a bill was subsequently passed providing for a Convention of the people, to be held in February 1852, to consider the action of a Southern Congress to be held in the meantime. The whole subject in fact seems to be still left in a very uncertain condition, as the time for the Southern Congress is not fixed, and the Convention in February is only preliminary to a State Convention to be held sometime in the infinite future after that period. A Mr. Preston, while this bill was under consideration, said:

"I aver solemnly on my conscience as a patriot and a man, that I believe this bill will hinder, impede and delay the dissolution of this Union, and the confederation of the Slaveholding States. These are the very purposes of my soul, the longing of my heart; and in the solemn belief that these will be grievously, fatally disappointed by the passage of this measure, I cannot in duty to my country and my honor, vote for it."

Mr. Preston no doubt has the right understanding of the matter.

THE FAIRS.—The Fair of our friends in Philadelphia was held last week, and closed on Saturday evening. We have heard nothing of the result, but have no reason to suppose that it will not meet with the usual success. The meeting which is always held at the same time with the Fair had the slave case as a topic to ensure its interest, and no doubt attracted some hearers who, but for that incident, might have passed it by unnoticed.

The Bazaar at Boston also opened last week, and will continue through this. Speeches, we presume, will be made as usual, each evening, at Faneuil Hall, unless indeed the threat of Mr. Choate, at the late Union meeting, that the Anti-Slavery agitation should be suppressed at all hazards, should suggest to the managers that speeches could only be made at the imminent risk of their goods at the hands of the gentlemen of Boston. We predict large sales at the Fair, notwithstanding Mr. Choate's threat, who will live to be frightened at the ominous shake of his head as he was at the minatory finger of Mr. Clay, on the floor of the U. S. Senate.

We observe by the *Bugle* that the Anti-Slavery people of Ohio are to open a Fair, at Salem, on the 31st inst. They will no doubt reap the good fruit of the agitation of the past Summer.

A Fair for the benefit of the *North Star* was opened at Rochester on Tuesday.

THE NORTH STAR states that M. R. Delany, formerly assistant editor of that paper, is admitted as a student into the Medical School of Harvard University. As Mr. Delany is of the proscribed race, his admission to the most exclusive literary institution of the Country is a proof that Massachusetts is seriously bent upon following Mr. Webster's advice "to conquer her prejudices."

THE Boston papers state that Mr. Edmund Quincy was knocked down by a run-away horse, in State St., a few days since, but escaped, we are happy to learn, with but slight injury.

THE Washington Correspondent of the *Tribune* denies that the Free Soil Members of Congress had held a secret caucus for the purpose of consulting with reference to some movement in favor of the repeal or modification of the Fugitive Slave Law. The same writer adds that he shall run little risk in asserting that no such movement is contemplated.

SYRACUSE CONVENTION.—We again call attention to the Notice, in another column, of the Convention at Syracuse, on the 7th, 8th and 9th prox. The *Journal of Commerce* is obliging enough to publish it under the captivating head of "The hyena roused." The same paper calls it a Convention of "rebels," "coercion-breakers," and "murderers." Some of its readers probably will have the curiosity to visit such an assemblage.

DISGRACEFUL RIOT AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS.—A Telegraphic Dispatch from Peoria, Illinois, dated the 18th inst., says that that town was thrown into great excitement under the following circumstances:

The execution of Brown and William for the murder of Mr. Hewitt, was to have taken place yesterday, but by an order from the Governor received on Wednesday, it was extended to the 18th of January next. This not being generally known nor credited, large masses of people of that and adjoining counties assembled to witness the execution, and being disappointed in their expectations, a portion of them resolved that the prisoners should be executed forthwith, and urged on by exciting speeches. Money-making is the National fashion, and anything that interferes with the

They then effected an entrance by jerking the doors and locks ; and were met with crowbars, scantling and other implements, to the cells, where they met with resistance from Brown, who, though shackled, assailed a few of the mobbers, taking from them the crowbar and scantling, barred his cell on the inside, and defied them. He broke the scantling over the mobbers, and gave them other striking illustrations of his entire disapproval of such unlawful proceedings. The prisoners were again secured in their cells, and before long the crowd dispersed.

There resulted, what at first all supposed would be a most tragic and disgraceful affair. The mob fell back, and a few of our citizens dropping in at this juncture, prevented further violence.

RICH'D. D. WEBB.

Foreign Correspondence.

From Our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, December 5, 1850.

SPEECH OF HON. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, In the House of Representatives at Washington, MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1850.

MY DEAR GAY : It seems so long since I wrote to you. I mean it seems so to me. Probably you are not at all uneasy in consequence. But you are often present to my mind, although I have had nothing particular to write to you. The times are stirring enough—but you will gather what is going on from the newspapers better than from my letters. Even across the Atlantic the echoes of that No Popery uproar must have reached you which is now frightening England from her propriety in consequence of some recent proceedings of Pio Nono and his new English Cardinal, Wiseman. The Pope has carried out England into a number of dioceses, and he has appointed bishops over each of them, and the Cardinal has issued a manifesto in the swaggering style peculiar to the Church of Rome. All these doings were a real godsend to the newspapers which have made great capital of them in the death of other filling up stuff during the recess of Parliament. And they have stirred up a precious turmoil. A vast multitude of people who hardly knew there was a Pope before, are now terribly frightened and are full sure he is going to eat them all up. They are looking for nothing less than the relighting of the fire of Smithfield and the establishment of the Inquisition. There are meetings of all sorts—county meetings, city meetings, town meetings, parish meetings, meetings of the clergy and meetings of the laity, meetings of the church-people, meetings of dissenters, and meetings of Quakers who will meet for this purpose only in meetings of their own. They are mostly indignation meetings to address the Queen and to assure her that she need not fear—they won't let the Pope come near her. You remember, or if you don't, you should remember, the old nursery rhyme

"Let alone, Rawhead and Bloodybones. Here's the child that don't fear ye."

But in the United States you jump so rapidly from the nurses' arms to mature manhood that it is ten to one you never heard a nursery rhyme in your life. Well, no matter—all England is wild with horror at the Pope and entirely determined not to be converted to Popery.

I should not wonder if ever so many new editions of "Fox's Martyrs" were called for, and there can be no doubt that multitudes are heartily sorry that "Catholico Emancipation" was ever granted. Lord John Russell—the Queen's Prime Minister, has written a letter sympathizing with this outcry, talking of the numeraries of superstition, and bustling up fiercely against the invaders of the Queen's prerogative. Some wise people say he is glad to assist in nourishing this ignis fatuus, in the hope that, led astray by it, the English people may forget—like children who have found a new toy—to look for those measures of reform in the suffrage and financial matters upon which they seemed so much bent awhile ago. This is likely enough. While John Bull is busy scolding the Pope, Lord John knows very well that the crusty old gentleman will neither have time nor inclination to look after him. Still I am glad this turmoil has taken place. Until the English were riled up by these recent doings of Rome, their tendency was to look upon Popery as a sure-holding tiger, with fangs drawn, and claws cut—rather a handsome old creature, but entirely unable and hardly disposed, from sheer lethargy, to do any mischief. This is a gross delusion. Rome is never more sincere than when she declares herself unchanged and unchangeable. In Ireland, the Queen's Colleges have been attacked by the Romish clergy in a spirit worthy of the middleages, and on the Continent within the past two years the tyrant and the priest have invariably acted in cordial co-operation for the re-establishment of political and religious despotism. I am not and never was an advocate of civil disabilities for religious convictions, but I am glad that the English people are awake to the danger of dallying with the most terrible system of religious despotism who, but for that incident, might have passed it by unnoticed.

The President next quotes that portion of the Constitution in which he says, "The Constitution has made it the duty of the President to see that the law is faithfully executed."

The necessity or propriety of this quotation is not so very obvious. I do not think it has been quoted for the last twenty-five years by any President; but it is evidently quoted in consequence of the difficulties which have attended the arrest of fugitive slaves under this law. It is an intimation that he will use

the power of vetoing a bill unless it was clearly unconstitutional.

The President now goes as far in support of the unlimited use of the veto as ever Jackson, or Polk or Tyler professed to go.

For his boldness and frankness, at this point he is entitled to commendation. But I have a curiosity to see how many of his political friends will face about at this bidding of the Executive and discard their former doctrines.

But it is very evident that the President has an object in this change of his views on the subject of the veto. By looking at the latter portion of the message, it is evident he intends we shall understand that he will veto any law for the repeal of this fugitive bill; and in order to open the way to that result, with some show of consistency, it was necessary for him to discard the doctrines on which he was elected. For his candor and boldness in thus casting aside his principles, it is censurable, its perfect frankness, it is highly to be approved. It is what was due from that high functionary. In all his positions, so far as he had laid them down, "whose readeth can understand." There is no deception nor any uncertainty in the President's position. Thus far I most cheerfully commend it. But, sir, I will call your attention to that portion of it which refers to our domestic policy, as being the most interesting to the House and the country.

But before I proceed to the examination of that portion which relates to the fugitive bill, I will call the attention of this House to the President's views of the veto power. On this point he has not hesitated to speak his own views, and to cast aside and discard the doctrines upon which he was elected.

It is well known that in the spring of 1848 the Whig party availed itself as one of their cardinal principles, that the President should never exercise the prerogative of vetoing a bill unless it was clearly unconstitutional.

The President now goes as far in support of the veto as ever Jackson, or Polk or Tyler professed to go.

He tells us—"the law is the only sure protection of the weak, and the only efficient restraint upon the strong." This, sir, is said in direct reference to the fugitive bill. It would be said that the President's theory of prostituting the power of this Government in favor of Slavery was put forth by the then Secretary of State—but no man in this House ever came forward in accordance with the Constitution. This gives to the master of the house a right to say, "I will not consent to any citizen of any State to aid or assist the master in arresting or carrying back his slave. That law secures him against interference on the part of any person to prevent him from arresting and returning his slave. Those who had assisted in framing the Constitution, assisted in framing this law. They knew the intention of those who framed the Constitution, and I have no doubt carried that intention into the law of '39."

From that day until the agitation of the annexation of Texas, this doctrine of non-interference was held by the North, and by northern men. In 1843, when the Whig party availed itself as one of their cardinal principles, that the President should never exercise the prerogative of vetoing a bill unless it was clearly unconstitutional.

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Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY W. J. WALKER:

On every breeze is echoed, a murmur deep and low—
It seemeth like the quivering of the atmosphere below;
When the storm-cloud far above, is blackly mustering
his wrath,
Before the bolt is hurled, that beareth ruin on its path.

It seemeth like the ripples that rise on Ocean's breast,
While billows still are sleeping, and waves are yet at rest;
These ripples, with their surging, in mimicry foretell
Where giant waves shall madly heave, and billows proudly swell.

It seemeth like the swinging of the crag, that long hath braved
The rushings of the tempests that round its crest have raved;
But loosened now by storms of years, and aspied by frost and rain,
It pauseth only, ere it dash in ruin on the plain.

Whence is that murmur, deep and low, that soundeth on the ear,
With sad and mournful cadence, that thrills the soul with fear;

A gloomy herald ushering an unseen tempest's frown,
That o'er our country's future weal seems darkly lowring down.

Oh! whence doth rise that warning-note—that antedated dirge?

And whence those ripples that portend a deeper, mightier surge—

A frantic war of waters—a fearful billowy strife

On the ever restless surface of the sea of human life?

Whence is it?—go and ask the slave, that long hath toiled for naught!

Whence?—ask the dark-browed fugitive, why freedom he hath sought?

Go, ask the sons of ancestors who dared to burst away On the semblance of oppression, from their haughty monarch's sway.

Tooe long our country's "civic boast, 'The Free,'" has been a name;

Tooe long America has borne this blot upon her fame, Tooe long upon the sacred soil, where freedom's soldiers trod,

Has Slavery reigned—that direst scourge of man, and foe of God.

Tooe long His unrequited poor have worn its hateful chains,

Their blood and bitter tears too long have moistened Southern plains,

Tooe long despotic "Chivalry" in avarice for gain,

Have heard the prayers of millions, with a cold and high disdain.

Link after link—link after link, those tyrants still have forged,

Until with mangled human prey, their idol hath been gorged,

And sons of Puritan have basely bent the servile knee To this insatiate Moloch, yet boasting they are free.

Whence comes that murmur?—from their hearts who have been patient long,

Still bearing on, in silent grief, their deep heart-crushing wrong,

Repressing still the pantings of their souls for Freedom's air,

Whence is it?—from the heads of those whose "lot hath been to bear."

Too sorely have ye crushed them—too lowly in the dust.

Tooe eagerly have pandered to your own unallowed lust

Huve striven all too fiercely, for patriarchal power;

Beware! Beware! there hasteneth a retributive hour.

Deam not, ye haughty men of power, this storm's impending rage

Shall pass, nor leave a record for History's future page,

Deem not the lowering tempest shall lightly break away.

And leave your bondsmen sighing beneath your iron sway.

Oh! no, thank God! a brighter day has dawned upon the world,

And Freedoms banner, waving now, shall ne'er again be furled,

Each fetter shall be broken, each burden be undone,

Before the fiat of our God—the Great, Eternal One.

From the London Examiner.

TO FRIEND JONATHAN.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

FRIEND JONATHAN! for friend thou art,
Do pryythee take now in good part
Lines the first steamer shall waft o'er.
Sorry am I to hear the Blacks
Still bear your ensign on their backs;
The stripes they suffer make me sore.

So they must all be given up
To drain again the bitter cup,
Better, far better, gold should come
From Pennsylvania wide-awakes,
Ubiquitarian rattlesnakes,
Or, pet of royalty, Tom Thumb.

Another region sends it down,
Where soon will rise its hundredth town.
The wide Pacific now is thine.
With power and riches be content;
More, than either, God hath sent.
A man is better than a mine.

Scarce half a century hath past
Ere closed the tomb upon your last.
The man that built the Western world:
When gamblers, drunkards, madmen rose,
He wrencht the sword from all such foes,
And crushed them with the iron they hurl'd.

Who danced like maniacs round about?
The noise, foul, rabble rout!
Earth spurns them from her, half-a-fraid.
Slaves they will ever be, and should,
Drunken with every neighbor's blood,
By every chief they arm betrayed.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL LIVING.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

BUILD a 'le—ye build a lie,
A large one—ye never told;
Give it a form and pain which
That all the world may see its splendor;
Then launch it like a mighty ship
On the restless sea of man's opinion,
And the ship shall sail before the gale
Endued with motion and dominion.

Though storms may batter it forever,
Though angry lightnings flash around it,
Though whirlwinds rave, and whirlpools roar,
To overwhelm it to confound it,
The ship will ride all wrath of time
And hostile elements defying.
The winds of truth are doubtless strong,
But great's the buoyancy of lying.

And though the ship grew old at last,
Leaky, and water-logged, and crazy;
Yet still the hull endures the blast,
And fears no weather, rough or hazy;
For should she sink, she'll rise again,
No strength her rotten planks shall sever;
Give her but size, and the worst of lies
May float about the world for ever.

Miscellany.

OUR LADIES OF SORROW.

WHAT is it the sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form, and their presence, if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence, it were that forever advanced to the front, or forever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She is it, that night and day, raves and moans, calling for vanished faces.

She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation—Rachael weeping for her children, and refused to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept the nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were steeved forever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, wove pulses of love, in household hearts, that were not unmarr'd in heaven.

Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sly by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I know by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard that sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the musterings of summer clouds. This sister, the elder, is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sate all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, he recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns forever over her; still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakes to a darkness that is now a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this Winter of 1844-5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of her keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides a shadowy intruder into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from the Nile to the Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us to her. The next sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem, and her eyes, if they were even seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But when she raises not her eyes, her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, drops forever, forever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs abundantly at intervals. Her sister Madonna is oftentimes stormy and frantic, railing in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamors, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspiration. She is humble to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is, desolate in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to her rest. This sister is the visitor of the Parish, of the Jew, of the bondsman, to the car in the Mediterranean galleys, of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us to her. The next sister is called *Mater Suspiciorum*, Our Lady of Suspicion. She is the deifer of God. She is also the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been overcome by central convulsions, in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with a tiger's leap. She carries no key; for though, coming like among men, she often finds chaps of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest! Hush! whisper, while we talk of her! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live, but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turretted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not, and her eyes rising so high might be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden: through the treble veil of craze, which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins nor for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the deifer of God. She is also the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been overcome by central convulsions, in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with a tiger's leap. She carries no key; for though, coming like among men, she often finds chaps of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

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